

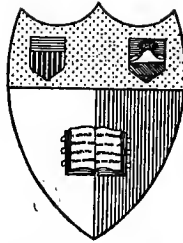
PS  
2391  
F6  
1909

FLOWER AND THORN

LATER POEMS

---

LLOYD MIFFLIN



**Cornell University Library**

**Ithaca, New York**

---

THE GIFT OF

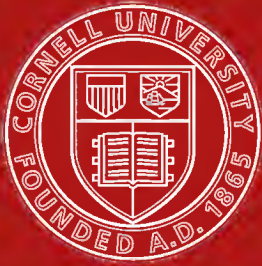
*Author.*

Cornell University Library  
PS 2391.F6 1909

Flower and Thorn; later poems, by Lloyd Mi



3 1924 022 068 187



# Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in  
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in  
the United States on the use of the text.







## BOOKS BY LLOYD MIFFLIN

### THE HILLS

Page 8x10. With eight reproductions from pen drawings  
by Thos. Moran, N.A.

*Privately Printed, 1896*

### AT THE GATES OF SONG

Illustrated with ten reproductions in half-tone after draw-  
ings by Thos. Moran, N.A. First and second editions.

*Estes & Lauriat, Boston, 1897*

Third edition revised and printed from new plates, with  
portrait.

*Henry Frowde, London, 1901*

### THE SLOPES OF HELICON AND OTHER POEMS

With eight illustrations by Thos. Moran, N.A., and with  
two by the author.

*Estes & Lauriat, Boston, 1898*

### ECHOES OF GREEK IDYLS

*Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1899*

### THE FIELDS OF DAWN AND LATER SONNETS

*Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1900*

### AN ODE ON MEMORIAL DAY

Written and delivered at the request of the G. A. R.

*Out of Print*

### ODE ON THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE, 1903

*The Hoffer Press, 1903*

### BIRTHDAYS OF DISTINGUISHED 18TH CENTURY AMERICANS

With poetical quotations

*The Levytype Co., Philada., 1897*

### CASTALIAN DAYS

Fifty sonnets, with photogravure portrait.

*Henry Frowde, London and New York, 1903*

### THE FLEEING NYMPH AND OTHER VERSE

*Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, 1905*

### COLLECTED SONNETS

Being a selection of 350 of the Author's Sonnets

*Henry Frowde, London and New York, 1905*

### MY LADY OF DREAM

*Small, Maynard & Co., 1905*

### TOWARD THE UPLANDS

*Henry Frowde, London and New York, 1908*

### FLOWER AND THORN

*Henry Frowde, London and New York, 1909*







# FLOWER AND THORN

LATER POEMS

BY

LLOYD MIFFLIN

*Written on air or running water*

—CATULLUS



HENRY FROWDE

London

AND

35 WEST 32ND STREET

NEW YORK

MCMIX

5

COPYRIGHT, 1909  
BY LLOYD MIFFLIN

*All rights reserved*

Composition, Electrotyping and Printing by the Wickersham Printing Co.,  
Lancaster, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.







## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE PASSING OF NOVEMBER . . . . .	I
CHRISTMAS TWILIGHT—THE OLD HOMESTEAD . . . . .	2
THE MOTOR-CAR . . . . .	3
THE COUNTRY ROAD IN WINTER . . . . .	4
DOLORES REMEMBERS . . . . .	5
THE BRIDGE AT LANCASTER . . . . .	6
FAR FROM THE TOWN . . . . .	7
THE VISION . . . . .	8
FETTERED . . . . .	9
THE COUNTRYSIDE IN APRIL . . . . .	10
THE QUIET HOME . . . . .	11
THOUGH DAYS ARE DREAR . . . . .	12
TASSO IN PRISON . . . . .	13
FROM THY PIERCED HEART . . . . .	14
THE RURAL TOWN . . . . .	15
“AS SOME LONE ALIEN” . . . . .	16
THE SUMMER EVE . . . . .	17
BENEATH HER WINDOW . . . . .	18
ON UPLAND SLOPES . . . . .	19
THE PUNISHMENT . . . . .	20
RAIN IN NOVEMBER . . . . .	21
THE QUEST . . . . .	22

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
THOMAS MORAN, N. A. . . . .	23
WATCHING THE BREEZE IN THE POPLARS . . . . .	24
AT DUSK IN THE CASTLE CARDEN . . . . .	25
TO A DEAR COMPANION . . . . .	26
THE LINGERING WINTER . . . . .	27
TO A STATUE FOR A TOMB . . . . .	28
WAR . . . . .	29
ROBERT FULTON I . . . . .	30
ROBERT FULTON II . . . . .	31
INTO THE TWILIGHT . . . . .	32
DESECRATION OF NIAGARA FALLS . . . . .	33
FROM NOVEMBER CRAGS . . . . .	34
MAMMON ENTHRONED . . . . .	35
THE EVENING WANES . . . . .	36
TO APRIL—FAR AWAY . . . . .	37
THE LOVER SPEAKS I . . . . .	38
THE LOVER SPEAKS II . . . . .	39
THE LOVER SPEAKS III . . . . .	40
A SEPTEMBER NOON . . . . .	41
THE SWALLOWS . . . . .	42
AS WINTER NEARS . . . . .	43
MELISSA . . . . .	44
“BLAME NOT THE POET” . . . . .	43
A HERMIT OF THE HILLS . . . . .	46
THE LOVER’S RETROSPECT . . . . .	47
ON THE BEACH AT CHELSEA . . . . .	48
O YEARNING LIFE I . . . . .	49
O YEARNING LIFE II . . . . .	50







## THE PASSING OF NOVEMBER

THE tawny meadows pale ; shriveled and sere  
The grasses die ; and robed in cloistral grey,  
Pensive, along the willowed water-way,  
November trails in silence down the year.  
Grieving, she enters now that region drear  
Of faded blooms, and beauty in decay ;  
Round her are veiled sounds, and vague dismay  
At whispered threnodes from the pallid mere.  
Her eyes are sweet with sorrow, and the rose  
Pales, ashen, in her cheek. She turns in pain,  
To view the ravaged splendor which she leaves,  
And moves like music dying. Where she goes  
Rises the yearning requiem of the rain,  
And through the mist, the Harp of Mona grieves.

## CHRISTMAS TWILIGHT—THE OLD HOMESTEAD

THE snow lies deep. Alone I stand and brood.  
Around me, lingering, hovers many a shade  
Of those beloved, who, in the morning, made  
Earth beautiful . . . Now, by our tears bedewed,  
They lie in silence of white solitude . . . .  
Lost in new Light? or in the darkness strayed?—  
Spent stars adored whose untracked footsteps fade—  
A reminiscent glory unrenewed.  
I see the little graveyard of the town  
Far-off, a hallowed place of softened pain;  
Snow-folded, in that quiet closure rest  
Loved ones whose spirits whisper once again . . . .  
Ah me! . . . . .  
How tenderly the Twilight trembles down  
As though to soothe a sorrow long suppressed.

## THE MOTOR-CAR

'TWAS fine to see the housewife, debonair,  
Drive the old carriage down the Summer road  
Smiling and buoyant, with a happy load  
Of rosy children, on whose faces Care  
Threw not a shade, nor on the mother's fair,  
Which, with suffused pleasure, radiant glowed,  
As on her lap the exultant youngling crowed,  
Reached for the reins, and sought to drive the mare!

And have all tender idyls had their day,  
And left our world unrhythmical and drear,  
While the swift Juggernaut our spirit jars?  
We mourn the lovely old things passed away,  
As, from imprisoning lawns, we see with fear  
The crimson streak of demon-driven cars!

## THE COUNTRY ROAD IN WINTER

TO AN ARTIST

WHAT could be less alluring as a theme  
Than these prosaic banks of roadside clay,  
Whereon the pitiless noon-glare of the day  
Beats, wintry-drear? Yet the soft colors seem  
Subdued to loveliness,—dun, fawn, and cream;  
While all the ground along the wooded way,  
Is Quaker-tinted with the roseate gray  
Shown on the breast of doves,—a painter's dream!  
These banks are topped with moss, in richest tone  
Of verd, or umber, glowing where it glooms,  
And through it all the sere arbutus shows;  
If slopes are winning now, with dead leaves strown,  
What will they be when April wears the rose  
And strews these mosses with her starry blooms!

## DOLORES REMEMBERS

I TROD the garden walks where once we strayed  
When all the flowers with love were redolent ;  
And there the wood-thrush trilled a serenade  
With rapturous notes that held a veiled lament.  
It almost seemed as if he had been sent  
To flaunt in Sorrow's face, felicity;—  
As if he knew of days when we two went  
Silent along the paths in ecstasy.  
I plucked a flower within the walks to-day  
And brought it with me to my silent room,  
Strewing the petals on the snow-white bed ;  
I did not speak—what was there left to say?—  
But kissed the rose-leaves, breathed their faint perfúme,  
And on the desolate pillow sank my head.

## THE BRIDGE AT LANCASTER

AGE cannot mar my classic sweep of line ;  
    These arches, shaped from Conestoga stone,  
    Have kept me perfect, and about me strown  
    A fadeless charm. Grey memories are mine,—  
Colonial echoes by the banks that twine  
    Round towered Lancaster. Though dawn has flown,  
    And Youth and Loveliness have been o'erthrown,  
    I grow in beauty as the years decline.  
I hear across me pass, as in a dream,  
    The old-time teamster, as he slowly goes,  
    With sweet-belled horses of the wagon-train ;  
And when along me slants the morning gleam,  
    Men call me beautiful as one of those  
    In glowing landscapes limned by Claude Lorraine.



## FAR FROM THE TOWN

BEAUTY, the Sprite, will lurk in simplest things  
Ere she unveil her radiance. It is meet  
That she should snare us with her cobweb sweet  
Across the wildwood path. Though she hath wings  
She folds them here, and by the sylvan springs  
Dabbles in ferny pools her rosy feet,  
While by her side, within the green retreat,  
The bathing red-bird preens, and softly sings.  
Youth's budding roses to her spell respond:  
Ofttimes she lingers with some humble maid  
Unknown to her, and slowly makes her fair:  
In grape-vine arbor flecked with pleachèd shade  
One such I saw,—her form—her face—her hair  
Transfigured by the touch of Beauty's wand.

## THE VISION

THE demons of the storm had reached their goal ;  
The midnight sky with lightning-flame was flooded ;  
And twice he felt his flickering life had soared  
Out of the body, for, 'mid thunder-roll  
He saw his sins flashed on a burning scroll,  
As thwart the night two monstrous pinions oared  
Straight to him, and from out the vastness poured  
Regions of darkness on his fainting soul.  
“What bode ye, Wings?” to them his spirit spoke ;  
Then closer still he clung to life's weak thread ;  
And, as they nearer swooped, his thin voice broke,  
Yet firm he uttered, with his weakened breath:  
“I know ye now! . . . Ye are the Wings of Death,  
Which I defy, being already—dead.”

## FETTERED

'TIS true I am not now what I would be  
If health had helped me on; for I have been  
As one who battles some great wave of green  
That still o'errides him in a cruel sea.  
Had I been armed with strength as gloriously  
As some who sing, then in the hyaline  
Of song, sailing beyond the ports terrene,  
I might have reached my haven. But for me  
Sickness hath dimmed my star into eclipse,—  
Hath bound my wings about me with a thong:  
As some pale diver, the sea-weed among,  
Sinks with his treasure ere he reach the ships,  
So I sink back, and from impassioned lips  
Drop in the deep the garnered pearls of song.

## THE COUNTRYSIDE IN APRIL

THERE is a stirring on the field and farm,  
Where steady teams are stepping to and fro ;  
Up slanting roads the loaded wagons go  
Pulled by the four great horses, smoking-warm.  
The wheat's long levels hold their verdant charm,  
Where the staid Rustic, pacing sure and slow,  
Covering the field, the clover-seed to sow,  
Sways, with a rhythmic beat, his brawny arm.  
High on the very edges of the hill  
The homing plowman comes from out the clouds,  
While over all is spread the noon-tide hush ;  
And from the valley, lying gray and still,  
Which sunshine lights, and floating shadow shrouds,  
Rises the incense from the burning brush.

## THE QUIET HOME

THE granite gate-way seals the hushed demesne ;  
A maple lane up-winds through flickering shade,  
And there the wood-thrush warbles, unafraid ;  
A haunt it is of tangled vine, with sheen  
Of swaying leafage, where the wild birds preen ;  
Abandoned gardens there ; a ferny run  
Tinkling by orchards old ; slopes where the sun  
Filters through boughs primeval to the green.  
Crowning the knoll the stone house, arched by trees,  
Stands nobly porched,—fit for a poet's mood,  
And glimmering statues light the wilding lawn ;  
And there are nooks of shaded solitude  
Of such reclusion that the fancy sees  
Step from the bosage some unstartled fawn.

## THOUGH DAYS ARE DREAR

Now dull November sombers all the plain  
And veils with sadness the empurpled rims  
That zoned our sight ; so time, evanished, dims  
Those far-off frontiers of the soul's domain ;  
Yet, from the deeps beyond them, wells the strain  
Heard in rapt youth, and all the heaven swims  
With shapes of morning, while the faint-heard hymns  
Float from the phantom harps, with Love's refrain.

O flickering torch of Memory, glow and burn !  
And thou, O Love, resume thine earlier sway,  
And let the glamour of the Dawn return :  
For though Remembrance flood with tears her urn  
Yet still she smiles ; and Beauty, passed away,  
Blooms ever in the heart a rose of grey.

## TASSO IN PRISON

O GENTLE Lady, unto thee alone  
I whisper this: When thou shalt think me dead  
Come to that darkened room, by sorrow led,  
And place thy hand upon my heart of stone  
To feel if yet it pulse, for it hath grown  
So used to beat with rapture at thy tread  
It still would throb e'en though it long hath bled;  
But when thou knowest that life indeed hath flown,  
Weave thou with smiles a wreath of laurel leaves,  
And with thy love, bind it upon my brow—  
Alas, I have not earned that golden bough—  
Then close the lid that no one else perceives;  
For if Love crown me,—so much Love achieves—  
Not Death himself that crown may disallow!

“FROM THY PIERCED HEART”

SWEET sings the thrush, leaf-hidden in the dell,—  
Sweeter the nightingale upon her thorn;  
Rapturous the greeting of long absence born,  
But deeper is the passion of farewell.  
The lamentation of the rose-lipped shell  
On alien shores, melodiously forlorn,  
Is dearer than the glee of Triton's horn,—  
The curfew's toll than Conquest's clarion swell,  
Oh, not to those who hear the undertone  
Of life's remembered sweetness long ago,  
Grieve on the shores of time,—ah, not to those  
Shall lutes of mirth their rapture e'er disclose:—  
From thy pierced heart pour rills of dulcet moan,  
O Sorrow, Mother of melodious woe!



## THE RURAL TOWN

How restful, after whirl of city sights,—  
Life's troublous tide that seething, ebbs and flows,—  
To find within thy shelter such repose  
O little town among the Mennonites!  
The moving shadows chase the flickering lights  
And touch the miller in his dusty clothes,  
As, with his load, he slowly driving, goes  
Down the worn way to where "The Swan" invites.  
Musing, I look along the dappled street:  
In shadowy porches under maple leaves  
The white-capped women, rocking, pause and dream,  
Sewing in silence; and the village stream,  
From golden meadows of the tented sheaves,  
Soothes with a song, and lures to pastures sweet.

“AS SOME LONE ALIEN”

As some lone Alien, who within his bed  
After long nights of restlessness, hath lain  
Wasted with fever, looking through the pane,  
Longs for the coming of the morning red  
To ease the throbbing of his heart and head,  
And hopes, as night hath failed, that day again  
May bring the quiet of a restful brain,  
And that, at length, he may be comforted:  
So we, worn, fitful, weak, and ill at ease,  
Sick of this dark existence which is rife  
With troubles of the soul that never cease;  
Far from our home, and tired with the strife,  
Press our flushed faces to the glass of Life  
And dream the Dawn, at last, will bring us peace.

## THE SUMMER EVE

AUGUST has come, and by Salunga's bank  
Cows and their calves in silver circles wade;  
The leaves of willows throw their arrowy shade  
Across the bull's dun loins, while on his flank  
The flecks of light shine gold amid the rank  
Green rushes. From the farm a little maid,  
Calling the kine, comes slowly down the glade,  
And crosses lightly on the swaying plank.  
It is the milking hour, and many a herd  
Is lowing in the valley at the bars,  
Where round them loom the darkling hills of oats;  
While from the lonely upland, some wild bird  
Thrills the rich silence with his plaintive notes,  
And in the West—tremor of coming stars.

## BENEATH HER WINDOW

THE RURAL LOVER SPEAKS

“O TARDY Sun, burst thou the yielding gate,  
And through the opening barriers swifter rise;  
Glow in rich splendor from the throbbing skies,  
And bid the grayness and the gloom abate!  
Flame on her casement in thy royal state;  
Shine in the lattice with no rude surprise,  
Touching with tenderness her maiden eyes  
And let her dream be true—that here I wait.”

So spake he, 'neath her bowery window-pane  
That rapturous morning in a spring-time fled;  
The birds, delirious, thrilled a wondrous strain  
And all the East flamed as with banners red;  
Then, looking up, he saw her golden head,  
And waited, happy, in the cherry lane.

## ON UPLAND SLOPES

I LOVE to wander through the chestnut wood  
When darling April, in her slip of green,  
Peeps shyly round the trunks, and smiles between  
The budding branches. There, in dreamful mood,  
Sweet Fancy summons all her airy brood,  
While some lone Dryad in her dim ravine—  
The branch still swaying from her touch unseen—  
Lures us to depths of deeper solitude.  
Alas for him who in the guttered town  
Must press the pavement with reluctant feet,  
When he would roam on slopes of tufted brown,  
And on the carpet near the ancient boles  
Feel, through the mosses more than velvet-sweet,  
The warm earth woo him as he lingering strolls!

## THE PUNISHMENT

BEYOND the narrow verge of space and time,  
    Within the dark, illimitable swamps  
    Lit only by the *ignes fatui* lamps,  
    They lie and writhe, in penance for their crime.  
Once they had human forms. Now, blacked with grime  
    Of sulphurous pools, by vapor overcome,  
    They groan and strangle in the nauseous scum,—  
    Foul shapes that wallow in the noxious slime.  
Gigantic as some midnight thunder-cloud,  
    Above them throned, glaring and vitrious-eyed,  
    Ramps the green Monster unto whom they bowed ;  
For rancorous jealousy they here abide :  
    Their rancor is not cured, but only cowed ;  
    And still they worship him they deified.

## RAIN IN NOVEMBER

OUR grief is this, O gently-falling rain,  
That thou must veil these amethystine hills—  
Verges of June—that lured the spirit on  
Beyond the outposts dim. And, sylvan stream,  
Thou of the gurgling lyre, sweet troubadour,  
Soft harper of the pebbly tones, must thou  
Be mute? And ye, dark unumbrageous trees,  
Why are ye widowed of the choir that made  
Song tremble in your leafage? Solemn boles,  
Ye, also, fill with gloom the wanderer's mind,  
While ever, through the haunted silence, sounds  
The feathery falling of the withered leaf,  
Faint as the patter of a phantom step,—  
The ghostly footfalls of the passing Year.

## THE QUEST

O, I must view the marvels men have seen!  
Forth must I fare, and early in yon dell,  
Sheltered and folded in the lily-bell,  
Find Ariel dreaming; or, in forest green,  
Where daughters of the Morning stoop to glean  
The dew-drop from the rose, I must dispel  
This literal world, and learn what spirits tell  
Who bide in veiled beauty, unerrene.  
Along the mountain, in the misty morns,  
I hear the cloudy lyres. Through spectral fern  
Flashes the fabled stag's engoldened horns: . . .  
Ah, let me steal through silvery silence wan,  
That I may hear the sound for which I yearn,—  
Apollo harping to the blushing Dawn!



THOMAS MORAN, N. A.

LOVER of grandeur! lo, thy canvas teems  
With crag and cloud where sovereign color glows;  
Canyons abysmal; swift torrential snows;  
And peaks ensanguined by impassioned gleams:  
Then, thwart our sight, the sea-girt City streams  
Sumptuous with golden sail and domes of rose  
Above the sunset wave . . . And still there flows  
Thy pictured pageant of enchanting dreams.  
Ambered in sweet remembrance these shall live,  
Than truth more fair, being so finely feigned . . .  
They never die, who, from the spirit, give  
Works of Ideal Beauty to their kind:  
Ethereal loveliness in Art attained  
Is throned, for ever, in the intemporal mind.

WATCHING THE BREEZE IN THE YOUNG  
LOMBARDY-POPLARS

ON Summer dusks, aloft within the sky,  
These delicate, slender saplings may be seen,—  
Aërial Nymphs y-clad in tender green,—  
The love-lorn Dryads of dim pöesy:  
More sensitive than vanes, for they descry  
Breezes unheard; and trembling, show a sheen  
Of silvered limbs a-flutter, as they lean  
With undulations lithe as waving rye.  
Are they the spirit of some sylvan Queen  
Of old Romance, with whom there still remained  
The poetry of movement without noise?—  
The undulant grace, befitting her demesne,  
With courtly condescension still retained,  
Yet gravely mannered, and with regal poise?

AT DUSK IN THE CASTLE GARDEN

THESE are the paths where cypress foliage made  
Twilight at noon; and here my Lady fair,  
With patch and fan, and with bepowdered hair,  
Waited her lover while the fountain played. . .  
Was that the rustle of her dim brocade  
Trailing the walks adown the dusk parterre? . . .  
Grief?—was there grief? and madly passionate prayer?  
And lip on lip, at parting, wildly laid? . . .  
The spectral flowers sway with her garment's stir,  
And, where she moves, the fountain through her shows,  
And perfume breathes of lavender and myrrh,  
As faint-heard footfalls from the gloom arise  
Of ghostly lovers, while her tender sighs  
Mix with the fragrance of the vanished rose.

## TO A DEAR COMPANION

O MUSE benignant, thou whose longed-for rays  
Star the rapt midnight of Pierian toil;  
My crowning happiness; celestial foil  
For the long tedium of the loveless days!  
Thou dost not come as envy with dispraise,  
Nor scowl upon me, seeking to embroil  
Each limpid morning with a harsh turmoil,  
But lett'st me wend thy spiritual ways.  
What should I do without thee, heavenly Friend?  
O hover near me by the veiled gate,  
And let thy silvery sandals prelude sweet  
The cloudy music of thy coming feet;  
I, who am nearing now the Valley's end,  
Reach for thy hand, and looking upward, wait.

## THE LINGERING WINTER

THE mist came drizzling down the livelong day,  
As though the laggard time would never pass;  
Yet the green mantle of the sprouting grass  
Gave hint of Spring, and made us hope for May.  
The lowering skies were blank with dreary gray;  
And as we peered from out the cottage glass  
A bird flew by, but never deigned, alas,  
To cheer us with the briefest roundelay.  
Some venturous dandelions made a knot  
Of gold upon the lawn; in pale despair  
The snow-drop struggled in the garden plot;  
Then, 'mid the dearth of blooms, for her sweet hair,  
I plucked the earliest semblance showing there,—  
The roseate blossoms of the apricot.

## TO A STATUE FOR A TOMB

HANS SCHULER, SCULPTOR

AH! all things fade, and all our hearts are bowed  
With loss of dear ones, whose belovéd eyes  
Haunt us for ever in this world of sighs!  
Life?—'tis a dream of Hope, from birth to shroud.  
The pomp and blazon of the thronéd proud  
Crumble to dust. Fame, conquered, frustrate lies,  
With all her chiseled granite of emprise  
Evanished as the shadow of a cloud!

O pensive Emblem of our sojourn brief,  
Thy sculptor gave thee more than mortal breath,  
And quietude—far deeper than repose:  
Man's life is but the turning of a leaf,  
But thou, who wearest Beauty's fadeless rose,  
Thou, only, hast immunity from Death!

## WAR

*And war was in his heart.—PSALM*

SHALL fell, inhuman slaughter still increase  
When even famished beasts kill not their kind?  
Shall man, more brutal,—man, insensate, blind,  
Wallow in blood at some small king's caprice?  
Let squadrons sink; accursed savagery cease,—  
Let soldiers till the soil. Then what a world  
Were this rent Earth, with every war-flag furled,  
And in all hearts the deep desire for Peace!  
Spirit Benign! help struggling man to seek  
World-brotherhood,—to heal, not cause the scars;  
Oh! by our own dead of the North and South  
Remembered, curb the Nations' ruthless wars;  
While Conflict looms, help Thou our effort weak—  
Mere cobweb spun across the cannon's mouth!

## ROBERT FULTON

1765-1815

### I

A CHILD of Lancaster, upon this land  
Here was he born, by Conowingo's shade;  
Along these banks our youthful Fulton strayed  
Dreaming of Art. Then Science touched his hand,  
Leading him onward, when, beneath her wand,  
Wonders appeared that never more shall fade:  
He triumphed o'er the Winds, and swiftly made  
The giant, Steam, subservient to command.

. . . . .

How soft the sunlight lies upon the lea  
Around his home, where boyhood days were sped!  
These checkered shadows on the fading grass  
Symbol his fortunes,—as they fleeting pass:  
“He did mankind a service,”—could there be  
A tribute more ennobling to the dead!



## ROBERT FULTON

1765-1815

II

TIME-HONORED son, whose memory we revere,  
Around the wondering earth thy lustrous name  
Shone in old days, a sudden star of Fame!  
Nor is that glamour dimmed. No leaves are sere  
Among thy laurels. Greater seems, each year,  
Thy priceless benefaction. Let them crown  
Thy rare achievement with deserved renown,  
Who reap the guerdon of thy rich career!

Long hast thou passed the dark Lethean stream,  
Yet who but envies that illustrious sleep?  
Though thou art dust, yet vital is thy Dream:  
The waves of all the world still chaunt of thee:  
Thy soul pervades the Ship, and wings the Deep,—  
Thy Spirit is immortal on the sea!

## INTO THE TWILIGHT

—OF AN AGÉD POET—

As a knight-errant, confidently bold,  
Hearing that in some far dominion  
In principalities anear the sun  
There would be tourney held, goes, eager-souled,  
To clash with peers enpanoplied in gold,  
But halts, finding the prizes being won  
By fiery Youth with flaming gonfalon,  
Then turns, and leaves, knowing himself too old:

So he, Knight of the Muse, coming too late  
To combat for the laurel, droops his lance  
Amid the blare of onset. Younger men  
Press round him; he gives way as they advance;  
Doffs his worn plume, and riding toward the gate,  
Salutes; withdraws; and seeks the dusk again.

## PROPOSED DESECRATION OF NIAGARA FALLS

*Spretæ injuria formæ*

YE Powers that rule within a sovereign State,  
Shall this nefarious project, born of lust  
For gold, go on? Against this scheme unjust,  
Hath the pure voice of principle no weight?  
Will a whole People's protest not abate  
The profanation of a sacred trust,—  
Of Grandeur, Beauty, and of Power august,—  
And leave Niagara inviolate?  
If, Mammon-driven, ye, like pliant slaves,  
Abet a deed iniquitous as this,  
The malediction of a race unborn,  
Reverberating o'er dishonored graves,  
Shall sink your blighted memory in the abyss  
Of the wronged World's irrevocable scorn!

## FROM NOVEMBER CRAGS

### THE SUSQUEHANNA

HIGH on the rocky crags, bowed to the wind,  
I stand amid a vortex of blown leaves  
Swirled round me as a drift of frantic birds.  
Cloud-shadows sweep the plain, while all the hills  
Grow dimmer azure in meridian light.  
And *such* a gale!—see how the buzzards take it  
With pulseless wings gyring the slopes of air!  
Far off, a slated roof flares like the sun,  
Where valley-rills flash darts of blinding silver.  
Ah, but below me—trancing sight!—behold  
The River and its islands bathed in blue!  
Those amethystine islands, grouped as though  
Some mighty painter, life-long pondering, found  
Beauty at last, and proudly throned it there!

## MAMMON ENTHRONED

How long, upon our blood-bought freeman's soil,  
Shall we endure this infamy of rule?  
Has the whole country turned one patient fool?  
We cringe, and lick the hand that takes the spoil.  
'Twould make the dastard blood of cowards boil  
To feel our degradation—brave hearts burst  
To see the horde of ravenous jaws accursed—  
These wolves of Greed upon the throat of Toil!  
Shall not the myrmidons of Fraud atone  
For crimes committed? Is the civic health  
Still to be venomed by iniquity?  
Must Anger cool, and unavenging see—  
For the luxurious feet of unearned Wealth—  
The bleeding back of Labor made a throne?

## THE EVENING WANES

THE glory of the dawning! . . . Whence has flown  
The affluence of the Morn? . . . To eyes that gaze  
Enraptured on those far-off halcyon days,  
Across the dreary present, dull has grown  
The offerings of the world. For we have known  
The dewy dawn in Love's delicious ways  
Rose-twined; but now the golds are turned to grays,—  
The happier paths with umbered leaves are strown.  
And though the West still beckons as of yore,  
Her lure has lessened, and the Huntress' bow,—  
The sweet meniscus,—hangs within the glow  
A dwindled arc of amber light—no more;  
And cloud-built cities of the sunset show  
Only hesternal splendors, gone before.

## TO APRIL—FAR AWAY

WHY wilt thou, beauteous Season, still delay,  
Mocking our hope? For now the dearest thing  
Of all the desolate world is thought of Spring!  
Then leave the South where sweet magnolia spray  
Is fragrant in thy hair, and hither stray  
To touch our laurel into stars, and bring  
Bloom to these crags. O make the ridges ring,  
And tremble into song the wastes of gray!  
Dear April, come, and brush the empearlèd dew  
Along the paths of morn! I hear thy feet  
Far off, melodious on the hills apart,  
Stirring the fragrance from the blossoms blue;  
Oh, to these vales return, ethereal Sweet!  
And be the violet of the lonely heart.

## THE LOVER SPEAKS

### I

Not that these lines make even slight records  
Of half the virtue that in her did dwell;  
Not that such shallow things as soulless words  
Could, to mankind, her 'thralling radiance tell.  
The breeze soft-blowing down th' Euganean dell  
May with it bear faint odor of the rose;  
But of its beauty that doth all excel,  
The breeze can nothing to the world disclose.  
Not the great masons of ethereal rhyme,  
The rare dome-builders of enduring verse,  
Who rear proud structures in the blue of Time,—  
Not such consummate architects can trace—  
Nor even in transcendent moods rehearse  
The rapturous enchantment of her face!



## THE LOVER SPEAKS

### II

THE thought of her—the inspiring thought of her  
    Makes glad my heart with radiant memories;  
Her spirit is the potent conjurer  
    That raises vanished pleasures to mine eyes.  
Purer she was than is the light that lies  
    Sphered in the slender Cynthia of the West;  
Poetic as the gloaming when it dies  
    Far in those deathless fields of perfect rest.  
I shall remember every word she said,—  
    Yea, while my subject mind holds empery  
In this its temple—even when I am dead—  
If thought shall of the soul keep register—  
    I shall remember, and eternally be  
    Steeped in the sweetness of my dream of her!

## THE LOVER SPEAKS

### III

I AM a cloud within the fading sky  
That gathers to its heart the twilight gray;  
Above the hills of youth supine I lie  
Dissolving slowly like the ghost of day:  
But thou, with thine old-time refulgent ray,  
Dost beam above my dark a very star;  
Thy well-remembered beauty makes a way  
Of deathless splendor down the steeps afar.

O Memory! dearest friend of those who mourn,  
Grant me who ask it this exceeding grace—  
Me, who without thee would be too forlorn:—  
Still hold thy mirror,—clear, without a blur,—  
Through all eternity before my face,  
That I may see, past death, my dream of her!

## A SEPTEMBER NOON

A FRINGE of hazy woods, not far away,  
    Outlined the hills, while realms of languorous air  
    Slumbered beyond. The fields were lying bare,  
    Denuded of the harvest and the hay,  
Which loomed in stacks, tawny, and silvern-gray.  
    The slopes of corn were tasseled, roseate-fair,  
    And, on the levels, drills were moving where  
    The bounty of a future season lay.  
The watchman's rattle of the locust seemed  
    To make the quiet deeper round the homes;  
    The russet pear was mellowed, and the bees  
Gathered the nectar for the bursting combs;  
    Beneath the umbrage of the willow-trees  
    The Durhams, in the meadow, stood and dreamed.

## THE SWALLOWS

HAVE you not seen, when peace the evening brings,  
And all the West is in a golden glow,  
Two flying swallows almost stop their wings,  
Sail near together, and move very slow,  
And murmur something in soft twitterings  
That one scarce hears, so tender 'tis, and low,  
Then through the sky dart on in revellings—  
Ah Love, were we not like them long ago?

But now, athwart the sunset's crimsoned bars,  
I see the ravens flapping to the wood,  
And Night descending with upbraiding stars,  
While voices whisper, as I stand alone:—  
“Where are the swallows gone? When love has flown,  
What is the world but peopled solitude!”

## AS WINTER NEARS

THOUGH Autumn still impedes the Winter's tread,  
Yet on he comes. His sullen footsteps wend  
Through dreamy dells of drowsihood that tend  
To realms of cold. The robins now have fled  
To far savannas; and by hunger led,  
In seeded grasses tinier wings descend,  
Alighting on the stalks that dip and bend  
'Mid garrulous chirpings as the flock is fed.  
I see November lingering in the vale  
And backward waving as she silent goes;  
On leafless bough is left the empty nest  
Where song once filled the arches of the dale;  
And e'en within the garden of the West  
Faded to ashes lies the evening rose.

## MELISSA

THE deep arch-innocence of her roguish eyes,  
Their coy demureness, as from some mischance ;  
The injured angel cooing soft replies  
With feignèd penitentiary glance ;  
That mild ingenue-look of sufferance ;  
The deftly-acted, harmless little lies ;  
The fond pretendings,—sweet inconstancies,—  
A thousand times did these her charm enhance.

Ah, what a wily general Cupid is!—  
Retreats, advances,—seems to yield the fight,  
And never, in the open, battles fair :  
Guerilla-bandit, capturing with a kiss,  
Trenched in the ambush of a bosom white,  
Or hid in boscaige of a lock of hair!

“BLAME NOT THE POET”

BLAME not the Poet, ye who idly read,  
If on the strings he strike with fingers rude,  
Or if at times his tones are harsh and crude;  
Nature is crowned as often with a weed  
As with a flower; foolish were he, indeed,  
Who loved her less for that. Our very blood  
Bounds not with equal pace, but every mood  
Hath its own pulse. Let Nature for him plead,  
For even she oft falls below her best;  
Her harp is half unstrung—not always tense;  
No flat monotony of excellence  
Is hers. This glorious pageant of the West  
Is but her gala-day magnificence,—  
Here, as she looks one moment, sumptuous dressed.

## A HERMIT OF THE HILLS

*Loquitur*

O NOT for me a host of friends benign,  
With discourse sweet; for, save in earlier days,  
I came through life's loud, many-millioned maze  
Companionless. If queenly guests were mine,  
They were intemporal Spirits—forms divine  
Of far Pieria. But for these, my days  
Were lonelier than an exile's—one who strays  
Banished within Siberia's white confine.  
Man's sweet communion is to me unknown  
Now, for long years. Art filched the place of Friend;  
And yet I grieve not that I walked alone;  
But of that fuller life which yet may be,  
What, in immortal spheres, shall be the end—  
Shall I be friendless through eternity?



## THE LOVER'S RETROSPECT

IN deeps of Elis, when was done the chase,  
Or ere she bathed, fair Arethusa stood  
Star-like in beauty. In that solitude  
Her loveliness lit all the leafy place.  
Alpheus, seeing the soul-light of that face,  
Loved her, although she did his arms elude ;  
At last, beyond the blue Sicilian flood,  
They rushed together in one long embrace :

Light of my Youth! in days of adverse fate  
I saw you standing by my life's lone shore  
And passionately sought to clasp your hand ;  
But ah, than he I am less fortunate,—  
Favored Alpheus!—no Ortygian strand  
Shall see our currents mingle, ever more!

## ON THE BEACH AT CHELSEA

STILL is the distant sea, as if it wore  
The eternal calm of peace; it lies in sleep.  
Down in that vast, unfathomable deep,  
Power and Silence reign for evermore.  
But here, along the grey dunes of the shore,  
In furious haste the white-maned breakers leap  
Dashed into thunder, as they inward sweep,  
And, on the shingle, hurl their loud uproar.

O realm mysterious of the gulphs profound,  
How beautiful is silence! Let the soul  
Nourish itself on thy tranquillity!  
The depths are still; while on the surface roll  
But empty foam and all the fume of sound,—  
The louder voice is from the shallower sea.

## O YEARNING LIFE!

### I

DEEP-ROOTED grievance, vague, intangible,  
Scarce by the introspective mind discerned;  
A hunger unappeased, that long has burned  
Within the soul's unconquered citadel:  
Arraignments stern of Life, against the knell  
Struck by its limitations, later learned;  
These blast the peace of spirits that have spurned  
The primrose path, and urge them to rebel.  
E'en love by sweet possession is bereaved.  
The core is ashes of all things desired.  
O yearning Life, is this to be our doom—  
That still the ungathered grape must bear the bloom?—  
That we must crave the height still unachieved,—  
Yearn for the peak beyond the peak acquired?

## O YEARNING LIFE!

### II

MAY not this spiritual discontent,—  
    Disdain for all the temporal gifts that are,—  
    This spurning of each fresh acquired star,—  
    Be, by Omnipotence, divinely meant  
As vague revealings of the soul's ascent  
    To some more sublimated state afar,  
    Where it may rise to meet an avatar  
    More glorious when the chrysalis is rent?  
The very babe will cast away his toy  
    That yester-morn was all his heart's desire;  
    Age counts as naught what manhood counted joy;  
Such disaffection points to rarer things . . .  
    Oh, breathe in us Thy breath of kindling fire!  
    Oh, let the aurelia gain at last her wings!





## NOTES

Acknowledgment is here made to the following publications for permission to reprint poems which have appeared in their columns : *The American Art News* ; *The Evening Mail* ; *The Conservator* ; *The Independent* ; *The Lancaster Intelligencer*.

Pages 2-11.—The Author's home = Norwood.

Page 15 —A town not far from Lancaster, Pa.

Page 17.—Salunga is the author's abbreviation of the Indian name—Chicquesalunga.

Page 23.—In early life the writer studied painting under Moran, and has always considered him one of the most accomplished and poetical painters of the age.

Page 28.—The twelfth line of this sonnet, slightly varied, properly belongs to the Sculptor, as it is the legend which accompanies the figure . . . Lovers of art will not fail to remember with delight Hans Schuler's exquisite recumbent statue of Ariadne which graces the Walters Collection in Baltimore.

Pages 30, 31.—Written for the Celebration of Fulton's Birthday held at his birthplace in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. These somewhat perfunctory poems were delivered on that occasion by Hon. W. U. Hensel with an eloquence which effectively covered any shortcomings which they may possess.















